

Hel. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines :
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot giue thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I giue,
As one neere death to those that with him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hel. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie:
He that of greatest woikes is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great fouds haue flowne
From simple sources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great'st beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knows
As 'tis with vs, that square our guesse by shoues:
But most it is presumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeavors giue consent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Imposture, that proclaime
My selfe against the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hopt thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist *Hesperus* hath quenched her sleepey Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theeuish minutes, how they passe:
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall sic,
Health shall liue free, and sicknesse freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?

Hel. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With wildest torture, let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sence, sence saues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can reape
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet praetiser, thy Physicke I will try,
That ministers thine owne death if I die.

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, vnpartied let me die,

And well deseru'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it euen?

King. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hel. Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:

Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

King. Heere is my hand, the premises obseru'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:
So make the choise of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolvd Patient, on thee still relye:
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Vnquestion'd welcome, and vndoubted blest,
Giue me some helpe heere ho, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Florisb. *Exit.*

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Clowne. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly
taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you spe-
ciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to
the Court?

Clowne. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any man-
ners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot
make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say no-
thing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and in-
deed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the
Court, but for me, I haue an answer will serue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answer that fits all
questions.

Clowne. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttocks,
the pin buttocke, the quatch buttocke, the brawn but-
tocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answer serue fit to all questions?

Clowne. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attur-
ney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as
Tibs rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroue-
tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole,
the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a
wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth,
nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Haue you, I say, an answer of such fitnessse for
all questions?

Clowne. From below your Duke, to beneath your Con-
stable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrous size,
that must fit all demands.

Clowne. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned
should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs
to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no
harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a
foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your an-
swer.

Lady.

be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee
Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Helten, and attendants.

Par. I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes
the King.

Ol. Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a
maide the Better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why
he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. *Mor du vinager* is not this *Helen*?
Ol. Laf. Fore God I thinke so.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preferuer by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banishment
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd giuft,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice
I haue to vse; thy franke election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistis;
Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.

Old Laf. I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addressees her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restor'd
the king to health.

All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest
That I protest, I simply am a Maide:

Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,
We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;
Let the white death sit on thy cheekes for euer,
Wee'l nere come there againe.

King. Make choise and see,
Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall loue, that God most high
Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?

1. *Lo.* And grant it.

Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.

Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw
Ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threateningly replies:
Loue make your fortunes twentic times aboue
Her that so vvishes, and her humble loue.

2. *Lo.* No better if you please.

Hel. My wish receiue,
Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons
of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them
to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake:
Blessing vpon your vov'es, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none
haue